

**SECOND  
BOOK OF VERSE**

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Second book of verse by Eugene Field

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**EUGENE FIELD**

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BOOK OF VERSE**



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Second  
BOOK OF VERSE

BY  
EUGENE FIELD



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1896

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*A LITTLE bit of a woman came  
Athwart my path one day;  
So tiny was she that she seemed to be  
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,  
Or a wandering greenwood fay.*

"Oho, you little elf!" I cried,  
"And what are you doing here?  
So tiny as you will never do  
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo  
Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she. —  
"Tis soft as an Angel's sigh,  
But to fancy a word of yours were heard  
In all the din of this world 's absurd!"  
Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth. —  
"Marry, and that have you!  
But amid the strife and the tumult rife  
In all the struggle and battle for life,  
What can those wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said. —  
"Sooth, you have," quoth I,  
"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,  
And they betimes shall dim with woe,  
As the hard, hard years go by!"

---

*That little bit of a woman cast  
Her two eyes full on me,  
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,  
And they hold me slaved forevermore, —  
Yet would I not be free!*

*That little bit of a woman's hands  
Reached up into my breast  
And rent apart my scoffing heart, —  
And they buffet it still with such sweet art  
As cannot be expressed.*

*That little bit of a woman's voice  
Hath grown most wondrous dear;  
Above the glare of all elsewhere  
(An inspiration that mocks at care)  
It riseth full and clear.*

*Dear one, I bless the subtle power  
That makes me wholly thine;  
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day  
When a little woman wrought her way  
Into this life of mine!*



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